The Bee's Home Magazine Page

A Rainy Night

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1915, Star Company. When the fingers of rain on the window pane Tap, tap, tap, And the feet of the rain run over the roof In the dark of a Summer night, Then out of their graves old memories creep And they steal up into the house of sleep

And they rap, rap, rap On the door of the heart till it sets a light And opens the portal and spreads the board For the waiting horde.

Then the great, wide world seems all astir With the ghostly shapes of the things that were. A Pleasure that perished, a dead Despair, An old Delight and a vanished Care, A Passion that builded its funeral pyre From the worthless timber of brief desire, A hope that wandered and lost its way In the dazzling beams of its own bright ray, With long-gone Worries and long-lost Joys, Come stealthily creeping with never a noise (For the things that have gone on the road to God When they turn back earthward are silence-shod): And they enter the hearts' great living room When the rain beats down from a sky of gloom In the dark of a Summer night.

And they tell old tales and they sing old songs That are sweet, sweet, sweet;

And they feast on the past and drink its wine And call it a brew divine.

And the edge of the cloud shows light, The ghosts go back with a silent tread, And only the heart knows what they said In the dark of the Summer night.

Dogs Buried in Costly Graves; Babies Suffer

Hundreds of Infants Could Be Saved with Money Which is to be Spent on Cemetery— Queer Sort of Phil-anthropy.

to the broad highway, where they can

The hot summer is upon us in which

the babies of the slums sicken and die,

mainly because they are undernourished

and their poor mothers have not the

nating air that reeks of garbage cans and

decaying fruits and vegetables and all

the evil smells that abound where human

make their own way toward success.

A rich woman has given \$3,500 to establish a dog cemetery on Long Island, and complished with

ceremony, with a dog standing at the gate to receive the first canine funeral that takes place. What do you think of that? Isn't it enough to

guated protest? What sort of a heart can a woman have who gives \$3,500 to build a mausoleum for dogs, when there are tens of thou-

What kind of a queer, distorted philputs the welfare of a dead animal above

Thirty-five hundred dollars is a large it one can save many lives and bring happiness into many homes. With it one can change the whole course of exist- gining to hover about the doomed little ence for dozens of people and lift them | creature. out of the slough of misfortune up on

means to buy good milk for them or the ice with which to keep what they do buy fresh and aweet. Hundreds of these babies will perish within the next three months who could be saved if the \$3,500 that is going into this cemetery for dead dogs was spent on establishing pure milk stations where good milk would be given away to the Go down any of the streets of the East Side on a hot, sweltering day and look at the white, plnched faces of the little children whose only playground is the blistering sidewalk and whose every breath draws in the malodorous, contami-

beings live too closely crowded together. If the spot, amid the trees and grasses of Long Island and swept by its sea winds that is to be set apart as sacred to the carcasses of dead dogs were turned anthropy can prompt such a gift that into a playground for these poor living children, what a blessing it would be to them! How the fresh air would bring back the color to the pale little cheeks With it one can do much to al- How the flaiby muscles would strengthen leviate the sufferings of the world. With as they romped among the daisies.. How the ozone of the country air would put to

> Thirty-five hundred dollars would give many a child a week or two in the country that would mean life and health to Surely an object is worth while as preserving the bones of a deceased omeranian. Certainly the shouts of joy little children going up from a beauty spot of nature are as pleasing to heaven as the wails and lamentations of a neurotic woman weeping over the tomb

of her dead pug.

rout the demon of tuberculosis already be-

Thirty-five hundred dollars would establish a summer camp where poor working girls who have come to the last ounce of their endurance could have a few weeks' rest and gather themselves together again and get fresh strength and courage to begin the battle of life once

It would make a place where overworked mothers with their little sickly babes could go for a little while and be given a new lease on life. It would buy an entrance into a home for many a forlorn old woman where she would be safe from the winds of winter and the suns summer and be able to end her days in peace and comfort.

Go along the streets and notice the children suffering from physical afflictions that will be an insurmountable handicap in life to them, but that you know could be easily cured by proper medical attention. With \$3,500 you could send this child and its hacking cough to some sanitarium where fresh air and rich food would save it from consumption. You could strighten the little cripple's leg; you could save that child's eyes; this other one from deafness; this other's back could be made well, and those who will go through life halt, and lame, and blind, could be made well and given their chance in life.

So much could be done for humanity with \$3,500, and yet it is given to dead I would not decry kindness to animals.

That is a duty, all the more imperative since they are in our power, but surely BROS&CO. 1852 409 S. 18th St., this ends when they die, and to spend beginning of the end. large sums in giving them gorgeous funerals and laying them away in beauwant among human beings in the world. is little short of a crime.

Surely there is something wrong with the heart, and the brain, and the conand who gives her money to build a himself to do to death a dragon that is opposite direction, because I see some infortunate fellow creatures.

Read It Here-See It at the Dovies



Mary and Tommy Sit Down to Have a Quiet Talk About Celestia

By Gouverneur Morris and

Charles W. Goddard

myright, 1915, Star Company

Synopsis of Pevious Chapters. After the tragic death of John Amerbury, his prestrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stinker, an agent of the interests kidnaps the beautiful 3-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no man, but thinks she is taught by angers who matruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of is she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her.

Fifteen years later Tommy goes to the Adirondacks. The interests are responsible for the trip. By accident he is the first to meet the little Amesbury girl, as she comes forth from her paradise as delestic After the tragic death of John Ames

bie for the trip. By accident he is the first to meet the little Anesbury girl, as she comes forth from her parasies as celestia, the girl from heaven. Neither Tommy hor Celestia recognizes each other. Tommy finds it an easy matter to rescue Celestia from Prof. Sthilter and they hide in the mountains; later they are pursued by Stilliter and escape to an island where they spend the night.

Tommy's first aim was to get Celestia away from Stilliter. After they leave Bellevie Tommy is unable to get any hotel to take Celestia in owing to her costume. But later he persuades his lather to keep her. When he goes out to the taxi he finds her gone. She falls into the hands of white slavers, but escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Douglas. When their son Freeder returns home he finds right in his own house, Celestia, the girl for which the underworld has offered a reward that he hoped to get.

Celestia secures work in a large garment factory, where a great many girls are employed, hiere she shows her peculiar power, and makes friends with all her girl companions. By her talks to the girls she is able to calm a threatoned strike, and the "boas" overhearing her is moved to grant the relief the girls wished, and also to right a great wrong he had done one of them. Just at this point the factory catches on fire, and the work room is soon a biazing furnace. Celestia and Tommy Barclay rushes in and carries her out, wrapped in a big roll of cloth.

After rescuing Celestia from the fire.

After rescuing Ceiestia from the fire.

After rescuing Ceiestia from the fire.
Tommy is sought by Hanker Barclay, who undertakes to persuade him to give up the girl. Tommy refuses, and Celeria wants him to wed her lirestly. He can not do this, as he has no funds. Stilliter and Barclay introduce Celestia to a coterie of wealthy mining men, who agree to send Celestia to the collicities.

The wife of the miners leaser involves Tommy in an escapade that leads the miners to lynch him. Celestia saves him from the mob, but turns from him and goes to see Kehr.

Tommy leaped down from his rostrum from the mob, bu

TWELFTH EPISODE.

badly frightened and very able man in (her eyes sparkled under the veil) to the White House was fighting for his hear you at least once." political life. Into the arena there came at last a dribbling of genuine patriots, who, like their forefathers, were ready

It wasn't all smooth sailing by any and the end was not in sight, nor the we can get near to Celestia to hear beginning of the end.

science of a woman who thinks that dead hard work and the constant buffetings not try to get nearer to Celestia than we dogs are of more value than live babies of trains, of a young here who has set are now. Indeed, i'd rather walk in the monument to her pet poodle instead of ravasing a country-side. With experiusing it to alleviate the sorrows of her ence and practice had come quick initia- that would mean a beach to sit on. Even tive in emergencies, case and the better your impassioned oratory couldn't make

control of a naturally fine and far-carry- | me forget that I had to stand for a long

His triumphs were many. His down-fall came when he crossed Celestia's path "What are you really doing in this far

"You didn't really do all that traveling 3'04"

"No, I didn't, really; and you didn't miner, who was suffering from too much talk through your hat. I came as a heart, too much whisky and too little matter of fact to tell you something I mind. "you great big, whistlin", thunder-think you ought to know." They reached the little park, chose a bench and sat down.

"I'm all cars." said Tommy "and I'm "I think you ought to know," said Mary, but I'm rather frightened at the

thought of telling you." "Much more of this," said Tommy jocosely, "and I'll not be dying of curi-In exalted moments he felt that he had only; I'll be dead." Then gravely, "Is

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Parents and Child

Punishment

lty Virginia Terhune Van De Water. !

(Copyright, 1915, by Star Company.) ter of which much has already been said -namely, keeping one's word to children. should try to fulfill a promise under

"It is not easy to Jo so always," oblected another woman.

"What about promises of punishment?" one man asked.

I recalled something a certain grandwhen you have made one stick to it." you are right in promising a reward or son. fulfilling that promise,"

disobeyed?"

Advice to Lovelorn

Don't Look for Trouble.

employer and make him realize just how in the library. difficult your position is and how much it means to you to have your relations purely business?

Don't Marry an Idler.

It won't break your heart to give up your flance if he is too lazy and shift- Another said, "He should never have less to work. But it will break your heart made such a threat." to marry such a man and live a life of

That is Not Love.

What you feel is fascination. Real love as an underlying basis of sympathy and understanding that keeps it from shillyshallying around between like and re- course, honorably avoid it? pulsion. As long as you are fickle and like the diversion of the society of dif-

an laughed.

sted, "and even if you would find it out anyhow, does it not encourage a child to be deceitful if you make him "Of course," said one woman, "one pay the penalty of a fault he confesses," Her question reminded me of an ocall circumstances but especially to a currence about which I have often, thought. It was not a hypothetical instance, but something that really happened to a child I once knew I related the circumstances now to this group of friends.

In a few words the case was as fol-

While the fingers of rain on the window pane Beat, beat, beat.

But when in the east the darkness pales

By DOROTHY DIX.

the opening of this aristocratic burying ground for pampered Fidos is to be ac-

make even a dog

disthowl with

sands of starving bables at her very door?

that of a live human being?

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STHE NATIONAL CREDIT JEWELERS

ITH IGHLAND PARK COLLEGE

Other trains were making whirlwind

A man gaining in strength from day to Celestia's name fell from his lips with

could doubt, and he had to look on his abated somewhat.

time to get the benefit of it."

too closely. If she was speaking by away place, Mary?" chance in the same town at the same "I missed you at Lynnsburg and Ples time, he would have no more of an audi- Crossing, and succeeded in connecting ence than he could have counted on the with you here." fingers of his hands. If he followed her too closely he speke to deaf and unsym- just to hear me talk through my hat, did

pathetic ears. "The crime of the ages," said one rough in' boot, did you ever set eyes on the

And Tommy, to his horror, had failed to find any answer to that question any- dying of curiosity." where in his head, and had stammered and become tongue-tied, and been bored, and had done harm to a cause, which, so fanatical had he become, at this time, seemed to mean life and death to him. crushed the love of Celestia out of his

Once, in a little northern town, standing on an improvised rostrum of packing cases, and in the midst of addressing a large crowd of quiet, sensible people. who appeared to like him, and to like what he said, it was Tommy's bad fortune to have Celestia arrive from her snow-white car and steal his audience away from him. His "sea of upturned faces" became a pool, with more than half the faces turned away to try and see what all the excitement was about further down the street, and everybody getting more and more restless and inattentive. A sudden tremendous cheering took the rest of Tommy's audience away from him on the run, with the exception of one young woman, who were a thick, brown veil and was half concealed by the stem of an elm.

For a moment or two Tommy did not see her. His eyes were on the bucks and twinkling legs of his fast disappearing

Tommy leaped down from his rostrum and ran to greet her. "Why, Mary Blackstone," he exclaimed, "what the dickens are you doing way down here?" ours of these United States. Not every You are getting to be rather famous, you "I told you I came to hear you speak. capitalist was on the side of capital. A know, and I thought it was my duty

"Well," said Tommy, smiling back, "you missed all the good parts. Someto give for their country their lives, their thing tells me that I was going to finish very strong, and then the diversion came. and only you stood your ground. Shall means. Still, no new movement had ever I get back on that soap box and give made such progress in so short a time, you my peroration. Or shall we see if

day, among those who stood for the old the utmost coolness and nonchalence, so tiful cometeries, when there is so much order of things, and opposed Celestia, that Mary Blackstone's heart gave a was Tommy Barclay. He had a great sudden bound of joy, and the hatred fervid quality of honesty which no one which she had for the girl from heaven face, very lean now from short nights. "If you don't mind," she said, "we'll

By BEATRICE PAIRFAX

Don't Look for Trouble.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 20 years old, considered beautiful and an artist's model. The artist for whom I am at present posing is constantly making love to me. Now, Miss Fairfax, this man bears a questionable reputation and I am sure his intentions are not honest.

I have no parents or friends who could help me with money until I secure another position and do not know of any other means of making a living.

Please advise me what to do—shall I leave the position, although I have no moner saved, or shall I rendure this man until I find another position?

Your advice in this will be highly appreciated.

Your position is very difficult, and I it straight through a cellar window.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Am a homeless girl of 2: I care for a young man of 2:, and I think he cares for me, I was about to become engaged to him, when I found that he doesn't care much about work I told him what I heard, and he said that he will try to work, but not so soon. Now, Miss Fairfax, it would break my keart to lose this young man.

DOWNHEARTED.

"Yes, sir. I am ready."

And the father gave him a whipping. He said afterward that he would have proved himself a liar had he not done task he had ever had to perform.

As I finished my recital there arose a chorus of exclamations.

"He was a brute!" declared one mother.

by marrying an idler.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am II and have been keeping company with a young man for a year. At times I like him, and at other times I do not went him at all Now, do you think that this is real ove? I think that I set tired of a person very quickly and would like to be with different ones.

Of contract, there were as many dissenting voices. I wish I knew what the average parent would say about this matter.

Leaving out the much-disputed and never-settled question as to whether a child should or should not receive correction.

seriously.

"Perhaps, but you might not," she in-

mother used to say to her children about lows: A small boy, aged II, was in the their little ones. "Be very careful," sha habit of playing ball on the lawn in front counseled, "about making a threat-but of and close to his father's house. While indulging in this sport at different times I quoted this bit of advice now: he broke three panes of glass in various "There," said a wise father, "you have windows. At first his father reprimanded the secret. Think twice before you speak him gravely, but gently. After the third once, but when you have decided that accident he had a serious talk with his a punishment, let nothing prevent your "See here, John," he said, "I know

that you and your friends like to play "Don't circumstances alter cases," a ball on the lawn, and I do not object mother asked timidly. 'If you tell a to your doing so as long as no tulschief child you will chastise him if he trans- results. But I cannot have you breakgresses a certain law of yours, should ing any more windows. You must reyou carry out the threat even if the child member that. If you cannot have your comes to you and confesses that he has game here without doing damage you must go elsewhere to play.

"All right, father," the boy agreed. "But if we don't break windows, may we play here?" "Yes," the parent replied, "you may, but you must not come so close to the

house as to smash anything. And, John. if you do break another window I shall punish you. Understand?" "Yes, father, I understand."

Your position is very difficult, and I it straight through a cellar window. advise you to look about for other em- While the boys were watching him he ployment at once, but in the meantime tried to act as if he did not care. But your own common sense and dignity will, when his playmates had gone away, and I think, protect you. Could you discuss his father had come home from business, the matter simply and honestly with your John went straight to him where he sat "Father," he said, "I broke another

window.' The father set his jaw resolutely. "I am sorry, son. You know what I prom-

Ined."

"He was a brute!" declared one mother.

One man made himself heard above hardship and drudgery to which his the others. "That last statement is beselfish laziness would bring you. Un- side the question," he remarked, "Even it less he goes to work at once, don't risk the father should not have made the your happiness and the future of the threat, it was made. This being the case children you might bring into the world as a man of his word he was compelled to thrash the kid. It was his manifest

duty." Of course, there were some who agreed

never-settled question as to whether a child should or should not receive corporal punishment, could this man, after having once pledged himself to a certain

(Be sure to read these stories. They ferent boys, don't consider any of them are of interest to every father and

